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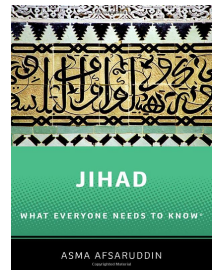


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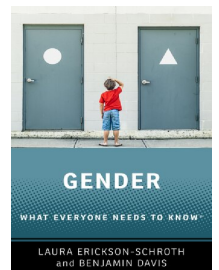
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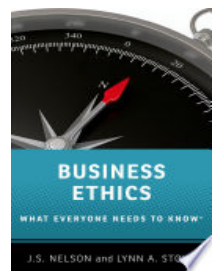
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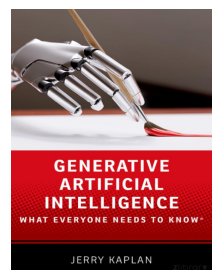
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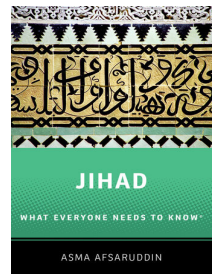
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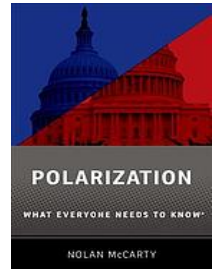
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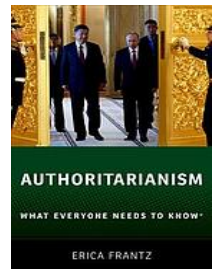
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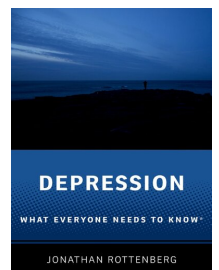
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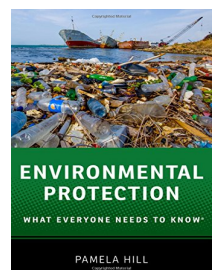
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Published in the United States of America by Oxford University Press
198 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10016, United States of America.

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CIP data is on file at the Library of Congress
ISBN 978-0-19-091729-6 (pbk.)
ISBN 978-0-19-091730-2 (hbk.)

1 3 5 7 9 8 6 4 2

Paperback printed by LSC Communications, United States of America
Hardback printed by Bridgeport National Bindery, Inc., United States of America

*To the memory of
my father, Herbert J. Spiro,
and grandfather, Howard C. Petersen.
Citizens both.*

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CITIZENSHIP

WHAT EVERYONE NEEDS TO KNOW®

INTRODUCTION

Citizenship is like the air we breathe; it's all around us but often goes unnoticed. That is not a historically ordinary situation. Citizenship was once an exceptional status, a kind of aristocracy of the ancient world in which freedom and political voice were not taken for granted. Even as the nation-state emerged as the primary form of human association, citizenship remained an anomalous status, reserved for the few who were privileged as such in republican democracies. More recently, it has been the individual marker of membership in all national communities. It is generic; almost everyone has it, hence the ubiquity that has made it sometimes unseen. Most people never change the citizenship that they are unthinkingly born into; they have no cause to consider it any more critically than their choice of parents. Insofar as citizenship during the twentieth century came to be aligned with national community on the ground and in the public imagination, there was even less reason to look at it searchingly.

To the extent that it took residence in the public consciousness, "citizenship" came to represent an anodyne synonym for virtuousness in society and in individuals. It became the form of political address, a way of describing any public audience. Citizenship is something that everyone could agree on. It has consensus status across political divides. Citizenship telegraphs the shared equality among individuals

in contemporary society, a status that anchors rights and individual dignity, something that frames the individual's place in the community. In the public imagination, citizenship has been considered an unalloyed good.

But citizenship is ripe for closer examination. Globalization, increased mobility, and growing anti-immigration politics highlight the fact that although most people in the world have citizenship someplace, there are vastly unequal entitlements attached to citizenship in particular countries. The universalized sense in which the word is used in political discourse in the United States masks the obvious fact that not everyone has US citizenship and that most of the world is excluded from it. To the extent an implication of equality holds fast within the citizenry, it clearly does not apply to those outside the fold. In more sedentary, state-oriented times, it was easy to blinder out those who were excluded from the citizenry because their citizenship was held in other, distinct communities largely out of view. Those communities were different enough that one could keep them at arm's length, a part of the natural order of things. The result has been a global kind of separate but equal.

That mindset is more difficult to sustain as national identities blur and distances are eclipsed. Citizenship still has its virtues. But as it more obviously marks the boundary of human community, citizenship is a tool of exclusion as well as inclusion. Citizenship has been a badge of equality. It may be turning into a badge of privilege. As citizenship is increasingly situated in a global context in which some have a "good" one and some do not, it is important to explore its meanings and mechanics.

This book addresses citizenship not as an institution to be venerated but as one that is contingent and constructed as a marker of membership in a state-based association. The book lays out the status fundamentals of citizenship: how one gets it, at birth and afterward through naturalization; how one loses it; what it gets you and what it demands of you by way of

rights and obligations; how the once-reviled status of dual citizenship became broadly accepted; and how local and global citizenships along with nonstate memberships may complement or even displace national citizenship. This material is not offered as a practical guide, but rather as a lens on the past and future of citizenship and ultimately on the state itself. For example, territorial birthright citizenship is contested in the United States in the context of undocumented immigration, but the debate rarely stops to ask why location at moment of birth should determine one's citizenship and what that says about the demarcation of the national community. How can we justify making equality contingent on passing a test, as we do with naturalization applicants? What does the fact that some countries sell citizenship say about it as an institution? How has citizenship become cheap in the sense of requiring no distinctive obligations? How does dual citizenship undermine citizenship solidarities? In what circumstances should states be able to strip individuals of citizenship against their will? What are the implications of citizenries that no longer reflect social solidarities on the ground? These are the kinds of questions that start with the legal parameters of citizenship and lead to explorations of citizenship's broader significance in global society.

Citizenship has been a central organizing principle of modern global society and a primary dimension of individual identity. It may stay that way, but its ascendancy is being tested. As with any new challenge to an established institution, it is important to have some understanding of the backstory and how that backstory has shaped the current landscape. I hope this book will help orient critical thinking on a subject by those (most of us) who have not really thought about it at all.

A word on terminology and coverage: Today, "citizenship" and "nationality" are almost entirely synonymous. As a universal descriptor, however, "citizenship" is relatively new, accompanying the rise of constitutional democracy. Although not all countries are democratic, all countries now denominate

their members as citizens. In the past, however, citizenship was a distinctive feature of democracy. Individuals belonging to other sovereignties were often called “subjects” for domestic purposes. As a matter of international law, “nationality” has historically been the term of art. For purposes of this book, then, historical discussions use “nationality,” especially when describing developments beyond the United States (where “citizen” has been used from its founding).

The book also uses immigration-related terms that are necessarily incidental to citizenship status. “Permanent residence” indicates the status under which individuals are admitted to a country with no temporal limitations, a status available in almost all countries but which is extended under various labels. (In the United States, it is colloquially known as “green card” status after the color of the card that once evidenced the status.) “Non-immigrants” are those who are legally admitted but with limitations on activity (employment for instance), and usually also time. I use “unauthorized immigrant” to describe those who are present in the territory of a state in violation of immigration controls. Citizenship implicates full membership in a national community; it is distinct from immigration, which is about the regulation of entry into territory. But because access to territory comes with citizenship, and because immigration is often a predicate to citizenship, the two are inevitably coupled in some respects.

This book is about citizenship as a global institution and includes material from all global regions. It is more focused on citizenship practices in the Global North, to the extent that citizenship is largely an artifact of the West. That is certainly true as a historical matter. Nationality was once a matter deeply contested between European sovereigns and the United States in particular, and so the historical background, important to understanding citizenship’s trajectory, is the history of nationality in those countries. Today, citizenship in developed economies remains more highly prized, precisely because of

global inequalities, which translates into a focus on citizenship practices in those countries. There have nonetheless been interesting and consequential developments in citizenship practices among states of the Global South, which are also recounted in the pages that follow.

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passages quoted from Rückert, in which he says he was 'kindly helped by Miss May Kendall'—although Dr. Wallace and Miss May, rhyming in utter ignorance of Persian Prosody, and consequently, like so many more, in the dark, have entirely failed to catch the delicate play of the Gazels, so faithfully reproduced by the tuneful Rückert.^[11]

In another of Hegel's works—his valuable posthumous 'Lectures on the Philosophy of Art'—he takes up the same subject from the æsthetic point of view, and he deals with it again in a more popular, but in an essentially identical, way.^[12] As the former passage has now obtained currency in our philosophical literature, it may be more useful, as well as more relevant to these pages, to reproduce the latter, the fuller and more intelligible, but hitherto untranslated, exposition. Hegel is here dealing with the Symbolical Forms of Art, and in particular with the symbolism of Sublimity, historically characteristic of Oriental Art, which thus gives expression to the consciousness of absolute subordination and the dependence of all that is individual and finite on the Universal and the Infinite. In his comprehensive historical survey Hegel, at this stage, finds occasion to deal with what he calls 'Pantheism in Art.' The profound thinker, with a vigorous grasp and original view of the historic evolution, is here singularly lucid and suggestive, as he delineates the Pantheistic Poetic Idea exhibited in the lyrical forms of 1. Indian Poetry; 2. Mohammedan Poetry; 3. Christian Mysticism. Very refreshing and sane is his representation of Indian Poetry, at a time when the uncritical enthusiasm of the Schlegels and other young Sanskrit Students, was carrying an unrestrained admiration beyond all reasonable bounds. Hegel castigates this juvenile weakness with a firm hand. He, too, has read the startling translations of the Sakuntala and the Bhagavad Gita, and he knows something of the Ramayana; but he is not dazzled or carried away. He recognises the marvellous exuberance and profusion of the Indian imagination, but it is all too fantastic as yet. While it is boundless, it is also formless, and just so far is it lacking in true Beauty. Its Sublimity is confused, chaotic, helpless; it ever struggles for a harmonious unity, for spiritual mastery of the manifold and the overwhelming, which it

never attains. All this is truest insight, soundest criticism.—But a higher stage is reached in the *Persian* Poetry. Here the form of the Poet becomes more adequate, more masterful, more refined. Beauty springing up with Sublimity, is harmoniously wedded with it, and in one great Poet the victory of Love is freely consummated; for—to paraphrase with Tennyson—

'For all the past of Time reveals
A bridal dawn of thunder-peals,
Wherever Thought hath wedded Fact.'

But let us hear Hegel's own grave, well-weighed judgment, as he spoke it in those days to his own Students at Berlin:

'In a higher and subjectively freer way, the Oriental Pantheism has been developed in Mohammedanism, especially by the Persians. A special relationship now comes in. The Poet longs to behold the Divine in all things, and he actually does so behold it; but he also now surrenders his own Self and gives himself up to it, while he at the same time in the same degree grasps the Immanence of the Divine in his own inner Being, when thus expanded and freed. And thereby there grows in him that cheerful inwardness, that free joy, that abounding blessedness which is peculiar to the Oriental, who in becoming liberated from his own individual limitations, sinks forthwith into the Eternal and Absolute, and recognises and feels in everything the Image and the Presence of the Divine. Such a consciousness of being permeated by the Divine and of a vivified, intoxicated life in God, borders on Mysticism. Above all others JELÁLEDDÍN RUMI is to be celebrated in this connection, of whose poetry Rückert has furnished us with some of the finest specimens, in which, with his marvellous power of expression, he even allows himself to play, in the most skilful and free manner, with words and rhymes, as the Persians similarly do. Love to God, with whom Man identifies his Self through the most unlimited self-surrender, and Whom, as the One, he now beholds in all the realms of space, leads him to refer and carry back all and everything to God; and this Love here forms the centre which expands on all sides and into all regions.'^[13]

Hegel thus deliberately gives Jeláleddín an eminent place not only among the great Poets, but among the great Thinkers of the world. He is more than satisfied with Rückert as a translator, and he is virtually at one with Jeláleddín's principle of thought. His qualification is historical rather than essential; the relation to

Pantheism is the particular limiting condition of Jeláledín's stage of development and environment; it is not a ground of reproach, nor of condemnation as more than relatively untrue, or rather incomplete. And so Hegel is at pains to vindicate the poet-thinker from the vulgar and unjust stigma commonly implied in the ascription of Pantheism. This he does in his remarks on the contributions to the subject by Dr. Tholuck, who became afterwards the eminent evangelical theologian of Halle, but who was then just entering on his distinguished career. Tholuck had quite a genius for languages, and his first intention was to devote himself to Oriental Philology. He prosecuted the study of Arabic, Persian and Turkish, with great zeal and success under the distinguished Dietz; and in 1821, at the age of twenty-two, he qualified as a University Teacher, by a learned Latin Dissertation on 'Sufism, or the Pantheistic Theosophy of the Persians.'^[14] This remarkable exposition was at once recognised as of real merit, and it is still valuable. Tholuck, who was a born poet and had a rare breadth of literary appreciation, supplemented his work, four years later, by a very interesting Anthology from the Persian Mystical Poets in German verse, with an attractive introduction to the whole subject.^[15] With the profoundest admiration for Dr. Tholuck's work as a theologian, and an unfading personal affection, kindled by tender and memorable student contact with him in his old age, we yet cannot dissent from Mr. Whinfield's critical judgment when he thus sums up the value of these contributions: 'Tholuck was an indifferent Persian Scholar, and many of his translations are wrong, but he grasped the meaning of Sufism and its affinity to European mysticism much more thoroughly than many who were far superior to him in mere verbal scholarship.' Hegel, who was not a Persian scholar, is generous in his recognition of Tholuck's Anthology, but he points out the weakness of Tholuck's criticism, and shews in particular that the young theologian is too perfunctory in his view of the subject generally, as merely adopting the 'current chatter about Pantheism,' and hurling it as a convenient term of reproach against the whole speculative thought of the time. This shallow popular criticism, as Hegel puts it, quite misunderstands the real principle of speculative Pantheism, confounds it with a crude

view of the world which immediately identifies the object of sense with the Divine, but which no sane thinker ever really held, and it is to be rejected emphatically when applied to Jeláleddín. For, as he says, 'In the excellent Jeláleddín Rumi in particular we find the unity of the soul with the One set forth, and that unity described as Love; and this spiritual unity is an exaltation above the finite and common, a transfiguration of the natural and spiritual in which the externalism and transitoriness of nature is surmounted: in *this* poetry, which soars over all that is external and sensuous, who would recognise the prosaic ideas current about so-called Pantheism?' No; Jelál is not to be tabooed, off-hand, and labelled merely as a Pantheist!

With Hegel's correction of Tholuck and his vindication of the speculative standpoint of the Persian Poet, we are entirely agreed; but Hegel is himself here not quite adequate. All students of philosophy know that in this very relation has lain the chief ambiguity and weakness of his own System, and it is reflected in his view of Jeláleddín. With his dominating passion for systematising the evolution of History and conforming it to a logical scheme of thought, he yet fails to see—largely owing to the limitation of his material—how practically modern and how spiritually personal Jelál really is. For, after all, Jeláleddín is no mere idle dreamy mediaeval Mystic; he *is* essentially a modern poet and thinker, and is *not* to be pushed back into the dim vagueness and impersonal materialism of ancient thought. He has twelve centuries of Christian life and reflection behind him, with all the dogmatic development of the ancient orthodox Church, on the one hand; all the forms of Indian pantheistic and Greek freethought on the other; and six centuries of austere restraining Mohammedan Monotheism as his central curb and check—and well and clearly he knows them all. He is at once universally eclectic and originally constructive, and he moves freely and joyously with a larger insight all his own. The East and the West meet in him again, more richly than they have done in any other for centuries, and he binds them into a new, happy harmony, the 'heavenly harmony' of poesy. He is a true Seer, like his own ancient Zarathustra, like Lao-tse, like Buddha, and much more akin to Jesus,

and Paul, and John, than to the fierce, relentless, one-sided Prophet of Arabia, whose barren religion he redeems from its mechanical inhumanity and quickens with the breath of a purer and Diviner love. His intellectual kinship is with Plato and the speculative Theologians of the Christian Church, and with the deep dreamers who live in the highest vision and lose themselves sweetly and gladly in God. He is the veritable Morning Star of the new Day of the World, rising in pure brightness, afar in the East—and after barbaric crusade and mad war, heralding, in a clearer and sweeter Song of Divine Love, the triumph of the new time.

And the Nightingale thought, 'I have sung many songs,
But never a one so gay,
For he sings of what the world will be
When the years have died away'!

In the year of Jeláleddín's death Edward I. ascended the throne of England, with the first faltering grasp of a mightier Empire; the boy Dante was catching the gleam of strange Visions in the shining eyes of the sweet-faced gentle maiden Beatrice; the mystic thrill that had run through the Middle Age was pulsing in the youth of Meister Eckhart, and preparing for Suso and Ruysbroek and Thomas à Kempis, through the mellifluous Rhythm of St. Bernard which had been sung for a hundred years; the Doctor Angelicus had all but summed up the system of Christian Theology, the well-worn pen just trembling to its fall from his wearied grasp; and the spirit of Martin Luther, whom of all religious Reformers Jeláleddín most resembles, was already beginning to breathe in William Occam and the free young thinkers of the time. Yes; Jeláleddín has both a wider relationship and a more modern significance than even Hegel has thought of.

And now we have surely cited Authorities enough to enable us to form at least a preliminary judgment, fair, reasonably informed, and impartial, concerning Jeláleddín's distinctive position and work as a Poet. We have seen him thrice crowned—in the Realms of Poetry, Philosophy, and Religion—by authoritative representatives, qualified

kingmakers; and hardly any one who now knows truly of him, will dispute his right to be ranked as one of 'the great of old! The dead but sceptred sovran who still rule our spirits from their urns.' His royal Title was proclaimed long ago in the musical name most aptly bestowed upon him when he lived and sang, and by those who knew him best: JELÁLEDDÍN, which we have already rendered literally as 'The Splendour of the Faith,' but which we prefer now to reproduce in its proper English equivalent as 'The Glory of Religion.' This designation at once strikingly expresses the Secret of his Power, the Consecration of his Genius, and the essence and end of his Humanity. To him Religion was all in all; it was the very Life-breath of his Soul; the Home and Joy of his Heart; the be-all and end-all of his Will. Of but very few others of the Sons of Men can this be said; of only One can it be said in a higher degree than of Jeláleddín, as he himself knew and confessed. He too 'sought for the healing Hand of Jesus,' and it purged his inner sight and enabled him to see all the world again, lying bright and beautiful, in the Light and Love of God. And moved by that all-compelling Law whose 'seat is the Bosom of God' and whose 'voice is the Harmony of the world,' he burst spontaneously into song, and the keynote of all his singing—exultant, jubilant, triumphant—was ever the living, loving God, 'Him first, Him last, Him without end.' Religion was the golden Thread on which, all his silvery poetic Pearls were strung, and he flung them around him in his own generous, selfless joy, with the most lavish hand. They seem to have cost him no effort of search or toil. Much more than Spinoza or Novalis was he a 'God-intoxicated man'; the prophetic fire burned in his soul, without consuming it and it must out in 'thoughts that breathe and words that burn.' And this is still our precious inheritance from him to-day, which we will do well to appreciate and cherish anew in this cold, heartless, irreligious, prosaic time. Let his ringing voice then be reverently heard even through these few, faint, far-off re-echoings of his own soul-stirring elevating strains; for the burden of all he sings, in endless variation of note and tune, his one theme as he himself caught it direct from the melody of Nature and of Man, is THE GLORY OF RELIGION!

This very general Introduction to the subject-matter of Jelál's Lyrics must here suffice, as our immediate object is merely to present some specimens of them in a form at once popular and generally intelligible. But the detail of the subject in its historical, philosophical and theological bearings, which would only be confusing here, is reserved for some subsequent discussion. Sir William Jones gave a first popular Epitome of the Mystical System of the Persian Poets, which in its own way has never been surpassed (see Note A), although the subject has been much more profoundly studied and elucidated since his time. A competent discussion of the system of 'the greatest Sufic poet of Persia' (Ethé), would be a valuable contribution to our contemporary Philosophy of Religion. Mr. Nicholson has concisely sketched the parallelism between the doctrines of Jeláleddín and Plotinus, but we must go further and even deeper than Plotinus in order to reach the root of the whole matter. Professor Browne is very helpful, and gives the best Literature, as also does Hughes in his most interesting illustrated Articles; Kremer is invaluable, as also are Professor Palmer on the one hand, and the recent translators and expounders of the early Iranian and Hindu Religion and Philosophy on the other; Whinfield gives an able, lucid Sketch.

III.

Looking now at the *poetical form* of Jelál's Lyrics, it goes without saying that it is distinctively Persian, and always eminently so in its kind. The Persian Poets were truly 'makers'; they not only created most of the nature-imagery still current in all modern poetry, but they constructed new forms of rhythm and rhyme, in which they finely echoed the sweetest melodies of nature and gave a richer and more expressive music to human speech. Their fluent and flexible language, with its natural wealth of resonant cadences and rhymes, furnished them with a facile medium of expression, and the still richer Arabic readily lent its copious resources at need. And the Persians were always rhyming, in public and private, on great themes or small; a poetic people, ever ready to recognise and

honour sweet songsters; the readiest and wittiest of 'improvisatori.' Even yet, as Richardson tells us; 'it is a common entertainment for the great and learned men in Persia, to assemble together, with the view to an exercise of genius, in the resolving of enigmas ... and to rival one another in the facility of composing and replying to extempore verses, in which, from practice and a natural liveliness of fancy, many of them arrive at an astonishing proficiency.' Hence, as Goethe says of himself, the Persian Poets 'sang as the birds sing;' and taking that master-singer of Nature, the Nightingale, as their model, they too trilled in strains of unrivalled sweetness, range and depth of tone, and consummate florid beauty. Even the most careless reader cannot fail to be impressed by the affluence of imagery in the Persian Lyrical Poetry, and no one has dwelt more suggestively than Hegel on the spiritual significance of its characteristic profusion of metaphors, images, similes, and comparisons.^[16] But while so lavishly employing the decorative forms common to all lyrical poetry, the Persian Poets, with singular constructive originality, also created new lyrical forms of their own, and carried them to their highest perfection. Chief of these are the *Gazel* and the *Divan*, two terms which are only now being naturalised in our language, and becoming generally understood. Here, again, it may be more serviceable to quote one or two authorities, rather than to give a mere abstract definition; and as we have generally found the *older* authorities in these matters to be the best, we start with Richardson's summary of the definitions of D'Herbelot and Revizky.

'The Ghazel or Eastern Ode—says Richardson—is a species of poem, the subject of which is in general *Love* and *Wine*, interspersed with moral sentiments, and reflections on the virtues and vices of mankind. It ought never to consist of less than 5 *beits* or distichs, nor exceed 18, according to D'Herbelot; if the poem is less than five, it is then called *rabat* or quartain; if it is more than eighteen, it then assumes the name of *kasside* or elegy. Baron Revizky^[17] says, that all poems of this kind which exceed 13 *beits* [couplets], rank with the *kasside*; and, according to Meninski, the ghazel ought never to have more than 11.—Every verse in the same *ghazel* must rhyme with the same letter; and when a poet has completed a *series* of such poems (the rhymes of the first class being in *alif* [a], the second in *be* [b],

and so on through the whole alphabet), it is called a *Divan*, and he obtains the title of *Hafez*, or as the Arabians pronounce it, *Hafedh*.... The *ghazel* is more irregular than the Greek or Latin Ode, one verse having often no apparent connection either with the foregoing or subsequent couplets. Ghazels were often, says Baron Revizky, written or spoken *extempore* at banquets or public festivities, when the poet, after expressing his ideas in one distich, impatient of confinement, roved through the regions of fancy, as wine or a luxuriant imagination inspired.'^[18]

This is excellent, and thoroughly intelligible. But let us take from Rückert's most learned work, the more authoritative concise statement of the 'Heft Kolzum': 'The Ghazel is a poem of several Beits, which have all one measure and one rhyme. According to some, there should not be more than 11 Beits, according to others 12; but some are found having as many as 19.'^[19]

The term Gazel has now secured its place in our great Dictionaries, and none gives it better than Professor Whitney's New York 'Century Dictionary': 'Gázél (also Ghazal, Pers. *ghazal*, Ar. *ghazel*, *ghazal*, a Love Poem). In Persian Poetry, a form of verse in which the two first lines rime, and for this rime a new one must be found in the second line of each succeeding couplet, the alternate line being free.'—Dr. Murray's Oxford New English Dictionary defines thus: 'A species of Oriental lyric poetry, generally of an erotic nature, distinguished from other forms of Eastern verse by having a limited number of Stanzas, and by the recurrence of the same rhyme.' And most concise of all, Funk's Standard Dictionary: 'A Persian lyric poem, amatory ode, drinking song, or religious hymn, having alternate verses riming with the first couplet.' 'The *ghazel* consists usually of not less than five, or more than fifteen Couplets, all with the same rhyme.'—W. R. Alger, *Poetry of the East*, p. 66.—Before leaving the Dictionaries, be it noted briefly, that the word *gházāl* (originally Arabic, and to be distinguished from *gházāl*, a young Fawn, *our* Gazelle, through the French), derived from a root signifying to *spin*, means in Persian, a thing *spun*, *twined*, *twisted*, as out of a thread; and so it designates an ode, a short poem, a sonnet' (Steingass), 'never exceeding 18 distichs, nor less than 5, *the last line of every couplet ending with the same Letter in which*

the first distich rhymes.' (Richardson's Persian, Arabic and English Dictionary, s.v.).

All this is surely enough to elucidate the form and structure of the Persian *ghazel*, but we may further quote a completing phrase or two from that conscientious and much lamented Oriental Scholar, Mr. E. J. W. Gibb, who has treated it most fully and accurately in his valuable works on Ottoman Poetry. The Ghazel, he says, is 'the most typically Oriental of all the verse-forms alike in the careful elaboration of its detail and in its characteristic want of homogeneity. It is a short poem of not fewer than four and not more than fifteen couplets. Such at any rate is the theoretical limit, but Ghazels containing a much larger number of couplets may occasionally be met with; this, however, is exceptional, from five to ten being the average number.... If we employ the alphabetical notation usually adopted when dealing with rhyme sequences, we get the following for a Ghazel of six couplets: A.A : B.A : C.A : D.A : E.A : F.A.... In point of style the poem should be faultless; all imperfect rhymes, uncouth words questionable expressions must be carefully avoided, and the same rhyme-word ought not to be repeated. It is the most elegant and highly finished of all the old poetic forms.... Hence perhaps the extraordinary popularity of the form.... What the sonnet was to the Italian, the Ghazel was to the Persians and Turks.'^[20]

This will surely suffice to explain the structure and laws of the Gazel. The Shakesperian Sonnet comes nearest its form in our poetical versification, and can by comparatively slight modification be adapted to it. Imagine the final rhyming couplet of such a sonnet placed first, and the same rhyme carried on through each of the succeeding couplets in the alternate even-numbered lines, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, while the other odd lines (3, 5, etc.) are left unrhymed, and we would have a regular Gazel which, however, might extend to 18 couplets in all. Or, taking another familiar instance: let the Quatrain, as in Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyám,' be *extended* by adding further couplets (within the limits laid down) to the *second* couplet, all corresponding to it in form and rhyme, and the Quatrain passes into a regular Gazel. The Fifty examples here given are all in regular form

within legitimate variation, and the structure and rhyme in any of them may be seen at a glance, even in those with an added recurring refrain in such as were generally adapted to accompany mystic dancing. Simple as the structure of the Gazel itself is, it is practically more difficult to construct it in English than in Persian, from its relative paucity of suitable rhymes.

To Rückert belongs the unfading distinction of having introduced the original form of the Ghazel into European Literature. For this achievement he was particularly qualified by his poetic gift and his deft power of artistic adaptation. An enthusiastic and loyal pupil of Von Hammer, he soon surpassed his master by the greater accuracy of his scholarship, his finer and deeper insight, and his unrivalled power of sympathetically reproducing in German the spirit of Oriental Poetry. His renderings of certain Gazels of Jeláledín in 1819 and 1822 are masterpieces of their kind in the fineness and delicacy of their form, and they have never been equalled by similar subsequent attempts. The highest praise that Mr. Nicholson can bestow on the later excellent contribution in German of other 75 of Jelál's Ghazels by Von Rosenzweig, the accomplished translator of Hafiz, is 'that we are occasionally reminded of Rückert'; and, strangely enough, Mr. Nicholson makes no other allusion to Rückert. Rückert, whose many wonderful feats of this kind not only from Persian, but from Arabic, Sanskrit, and even Chinese, are beyond all praise, was quite conscious both of the success and importance of his effort, as is evident from the four lines on 'The Form of the Gasel' which he prefixed to his Versions of Jelál's Gasels, which may be rendered thus:—

The new Form which I first, here in thy Garden plant,
May, Fatherland, enrich the Garland of thy clime;
And in my steps may Poets, of happy power ne'er scant,
Sing true in Persian Gazel, as erst in alien rhyme.

Rückert's example and encouragement have not been ineffective in German Literature. Besides his own original Gazels addressed to his distinguished teacher Von Hammer, Platen with a poetic

versatility and elegance of form scarcely inferior to his own, Paul Heyse, and others have written excellent German Gazels, and the form is now quite naturalised in German Literature. But it is still practically an exotic in the domain of English verse. One of the first and best regular Gazels in English known to the writer, was done into English rhyme by Archbishop Trench, who represents it as by DSCHELALEDIN (*sic*), but it is really only an imitation of one of Rückert's Versions. Some of the recent translators of Hafiz—especially Mr. H. Bicknell—have given elegant translations of some of his Gazels, in proper form.^[21] Mr. Nicholson, notwithstanding his disbelief in the adequacy of English verse-renderings, has given two exemplary specimens in an Appendix. The Fifty Gazels here presented in English have been all done after Rückert's versions, of which they are really renderings—as indicated on the Title Page. Even when the translator felt tempted to conform more literally in some minor details to the Persian original, or fancied he could do so, he invariably returned to Rückert's form, his admiration for Rückert's judgment and art having overcome all hesitation. To Rückert, then, belongs any merit found in these free imitations of Jeláleddín; to the translator must be attributed any defect in his attempt to follow, always *longo intervallo*, the traces of the footsteps of these two great Masters. Rückert alone has been able to do justice to the poetic form and thought of Jeláleddín, and it may be deemed as daring to try to imitate Rückert as to copy the Original itself. But the attempt, even where it fails, will be most readily forgiven by the Persian scholars who best know the difficulties that have to be overcome on both sides. What is here presented is but a slight endeavour to popularise, after a holiday excursion into long-loved fields, their own much more important work, and mayhap to win a wider, well-deserved interest for it. The child who strays through the Flower Garden, will, as by irresistible impulse, pluck some of its fairest blossoms here and there, and if twined together and offered to the strong hand that cultivated and reared them, they will hardly fail to be recognised as an offering of gratitude and affection, and to be accepted with a kindly, indulgent smile.

It is beautifully related in 'Attar's Biographies of the Sufi Mystics and Saints,' that the sweet-soul'd, God-absorb'd Rábia—the Saint Teresa and Madame Guyon of Persia—was once asked: 'Dost thou hate the Devil?' 'No!' she replied. And they asked: 'Why not?' 'Because,' said she, '*my love to God leaves me no time to hate him.*'^[22] We confess, however, that we *have* hated this new-patch'd Omar Khayyám of Mr. Fitzgerald, and have even at times been tempted to scorn the miserable, self-deluded, unhealthy fanatics of his Cult. But when we have looked again into the shining face and the glad eyes of Jeláleddín, 'the Glory of Religion,' our hate has passed into pity and our scorn into compassion. In the light of that bright Vision we cannot pause—we have 'no time' nor inclination for it—to deal, as it deserves, with this latest literary craze and delusion. The Persian Scholars have been amazed, and earnest Critics who still believe in the spiritual purpose of Poetry, have been distressed by this infatuation of the young free English mind, whose issue can only be the humiliation of convicted ignorance, spurious idolatry, and vain remorseful regret after the mad midnight debauch. All that is highest and noblest and truest in manhood is not to be thus wilfully flung away for nothing, or to be foolishly bartered for the smart Epigrams of the rudest wit and shallowest reflection. Mr. Fitzgerald by clever tailoring has indeed clothed his Satan in the well-fitting robes of an Angel of Light so that he might 'seduce, if it were possible, the very Elect,'—but for *them* all in vain do such 'lean and flashy songs, grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw.' He has not hesitated even to eke out his vapid pessimistic song with verses of his own, and to make his poor old Omar's voice more cracked, querulous and quavering than it ever really was. And he has therefore rightly enough separated his Bacchanalian Rhymster from the holy Choir of the sweet-voiced Persian Songsters who ever made all the grove vocal with devout praise of God. Mr. Fitzgerald's Omar—he himself declares—is not a Sufi poet at all; he is but an old tipsy toper, whose drink is literally and really that of Bacchus; and he drinks—and *drinks!*—and *drinks!* till we hear him snore even in broad day, and till his dimm'd eyes and fuddled brain cannot distinguish the plainest things even in the clearest light. With Fitzgerald's hero it is the old,

sad story over again; it is *drinking—not deep thinking at all!*—that has brought him to this. Surely we know the 'Astronomer Poet' quite well now. M. Nicolas, and still better, Mr. Whinfield, have given us his own Persian Quatrains, and Mr. Payne has translated them best of all; but Edward Fitzgerald has turned them into a strange haunting music of his own, and in his hands the Astronomer Poet becomes *really* what our gifted friend Mr. Coulson Kernahan has so graphically and terribly depicted: A LITERARY GENT, A Study in Vanity and Dipsomania! Who cares now for his senile scepticism, his pessimistic whine, his withered cynicism, his agnostic blindness and despair, his insolent misanthropy, his impotent blasphemies? We know it all too well; it is only the work of shattered nerves, a muddled brain, and irreligious self-dissipation. See how the Astronomer Poet staggers along to his watch-tower, with that tell-tale nose and flushed brow! How his trembling hands fumble as he vainly tries to focus the stars! How his bleared eyes can find neither Zenith nor Azimuth, Algol nor Aldeboran, nor the Pointers, nor the Pole Star; and how impudently he swears in his blindness, that he too has swept through the Heavens and found *no God!* that man is but a 'Pot of Clay,' without freedom and without hope! and that all the World is bitter and hollow and bad! *Great Thinker*, forsooth! Well and truly does he himself say that he was 'never *deep* in anything but—*Wine!*'

But Mr. Fitzgerald protests that while Omar was not a Mystic, but only a Bacchanalian Poet, and 'that while the Wine Omar celebrates is simply the Juice of the Grape, he *bragged* more than he drank of it.' But this surely is to make him worse morally than the poor will-broken, self-abandoned drunkard! Yet after all, the excuse of 'the moderate drinker' is never quite to be trusted, as Mr. Fitzgerald himself in this case only too fully proves. The 'Tavern' too is a literal Tavern, and his very first presentation of his Hero introduces him to us crying for fresh air at cock-crow, after the night's carouse, and his kindred thirsty votaries shouting from the outside to get in:

'And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!"'

We soon find that he has only one fixed Article in his Creed—the *certainty* of Annihilation:

'One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.'

The *only* thing here *certain* however, is that this, according to all Persian Prosody, is a *bad*, illegitimate Quatrain, and Omar himself would never have rhymed it thus! And notwithstanding these 'brave words,' it seems almost certain that the poor soul of the 'Astronomer Poet' did not entirely die out with his last unsavoury breath; for is there not the strongest *internal* evidence—and pray, mark it well, in these days of the Higher Criticism—that it was Omar Redivivus, in an ill-starred, yet most sincere and loveable Rustic Bard of our own, who sang gloriously at the same psychological moment, with his own boon-companions, after seven centuries of world-wide drinking, again:

'It is the moon, *I ken her horn*,
That's blinkin' in the lift sae hie;
She shines sae bricht to wyle us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!
We are na fou, we're no that fou,
But just a drappie in our ee;
The *Cock may crawl*, the day may daw,
And aye we'll taste the barley bree!'

We are sorry to believe, notwithstanding Mr. Fitzgerald's rather lame and halting Apology, that it became, more and more, a confirmed habit; and that 'willy-nilly' the old Nature-tyrant had it out with him too. Alas! that it should so often be so with these genial poetic souls-poets, who in their youth 'begin in gladness, and thereof in the end doth come Despondency and Madness'! In vain does the much-admired Translator protest; for again he shows poor parched old Khayyám 'by the Tavern Door *agape*'!; the Nightingale only pipes to him 'Wine! Wine! Wine!'; his burden of Clay 'with long Oblivion is gone *dry*'!; his last hope and only prayer is: 'Ah, with the Grape my

fading Life provide, And *wash the Body* whence the Life has died'; and his last word and the final horror is—'an *empty* Glass!' But he is much more candid in his 'cups' than his ingenious Translator, as all such are wont at a certain stage to be; for he quite frankly tells us his Rule of Life: 'Drink!—for once dead you never shall return!' Nay, he takes us, in the most friendly way and with irresistible candour, into his most intimate confidence, and informs us how and when, and how deliberately, when he found out 'the sorry Scheme of Things,' his glorified new Creed and boasted new Life came about:—

'You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
Divorced *old barren Reason* from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse!'

And what *possibly* could come of it, but what *did* come? When it could no longer be disputed that the Day *was* dawning, *then* the Reckoning *must* be settled, and his last leering grin is for his drunken boon-companions, now alas! ignominiously low:—

'Landlady, count the lawin',
The Day is near the dawin';
Ye're a' blind drunk, boys,
And I'm but jolly fou.
Hey tutti, taiti,
How tutti, taiti—
Wha's fou now?

O ye self-blinded, neurotic Votaries of the Omar Khayyám Cult, be warned in time: for be sincerely assured that on counting 'the lawin', Paying the Reckoning will be all that you will ever get, even at your drunkenest, out of this bankrupt, blustering, purblind Braggart!

To crown all his fatal Candour, Omar insists, as with a sigh of vain regret, on most truly telling us his own callous judgment of it all, seeing some faint inextinguishable spark of Conscience still remained in him, as in the Ancient Mariner:—

'Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have *drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup*
And sold my Reputation for a song!'

So, too, with Edward Fitzgerald, who, with consummate skill, has here played the part of 'Mr. Sludge, the Medium' to perfection. And we only wish that Robert Browning, in his Berserker rage over the painful betrayal of what was dearest to him in life, had 'spit' *this*, and not what he frantically did, 'in his face' as it burst from him in scorn of one who confessed:—

'I cheated when I could,
Rapped with my toe-joints, set sham hands at work!...'

'Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have *drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup*

'*R-r-r ... Cowardly scamp!*
I only wish I could burn down the house,
And spoil your sniggering.'^[23]

But no! we have 'no time' to waste in hating even this dram-drinking, drivelling, droning Dotard. For hark!—'That strain I heard was of a higher mood'! Its very first note 'laps us in Elysium,' and we at once forget man's self-inflicted misery and all his morbid diseases and cares—'Do I wake or sleep?'...

... 'Tender is the Night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no Light
Save what from Heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what Flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft Incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable Month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk-rose full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves....

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The Voice I heard this passing Night was heard
In ancient days by Emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic-casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.'

Yes; that is surely the sweetest, the tenderest, the heavenliest of all the Persian Nightingales, come back to us in our sorest need, and singing to us amid the glory of the Resurrection of Life, in the Festival of another Spring, as he never sang in the English air before. It is a Western youthful Poet's Dream of JELÁLEDDÍN renewing the first notes of his immortal song, and chanting again the Hymn of Eternal Life, solemn yet joyous, mystic yet clear: stirring what is

deepest in our heart and driving away our sorrow, till 'all the pulses
of our being, reanimated, beat anew!'

'O ye hopes, that stir within me,
Health comes with you from above!
God is with me, God is in me!
I cannot die, if Life be Love.'

Thus does our own deep, mystic Singer, Coleridge, echo, in
kindred strains, the deepest Faith of JELÁLEDDÍN.

W. H.

[1] Geschichte der schönen Redekünste Persiens, mit einer Blüthenlese aus zweihundert persischen Dichtern. Von Joseph von Hammer. Wien, 1818. Pp. 163-198. The petty criticism of some of Von Hammer's details has no relevancy here, and is hardly worth referring to in connection with his gigantic achievements. There are spots on the Sun!

[2] Mesnevi oder Doppelverse des Scheich Mewlânâ Dschelâl-ed-dín Rumi. Aus dem Persischen übertragen von Georg Rosen. 1849.

[3] Works of Sir William Jones, Vol. IV., On the Mystical Poetry of the Persians and Hindus. See Note A.

[4] History of Persia. 1815. Sir John Malcolm was surprised in Persia, as Rosen was at Constantinople, by the knowledge which the common people had of the great Persian Poets. He says:—'I was forcibly struck with this fact during my residence in Persia. I found several of my servants well acquainted with the poetry of their country; and when I was at Isfahan in 1800, I was surprised to hear a common tailor that was at work repairing one of my tents, entertain his companions with repeating some of the finest of the mystical odes of Háfidz.'

[5] Biographical Notices of Persian Poets, etc. 1846. A conscientious bit of work for the time, but inadequately edited, and now practically superseded.

[6] One e.g. by F. Falconer (but not in the Persian form) in July, 1839.

[7] The Mesnevi (usually known as the Mesneviyi Sherîf, or Holy Mesnevi of Mevlânâ (our Lord) Jelálu-'d-dín, Muhammed, er-Rumi). Book the First, etc., by James W. Redhouse. London, 1881.

Masnavi i Ma'navi. The Spiritual Couplets of Maulána Jalálu-'d-dín Muhammad Rumi, Translated and abridged by E. H. Whinfield, M.A., Late of H.M. Bengal Civil Service. 2nd Ed. 1898 (with an interesting Introduction).

[8] Selected Poems from the *Dīvāni Shamsi Tabrīz*. Edited and Translated with an Introduction, Notes, and Appendices, by Reynold A. Nicholson, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge University Press, 1898.

[9] A Literary History of Persia From the Earliest Times until Firdawsī. By Edward G. Browne, M.A., M.B., Sir Thomas Adams' Professor of Arabic and sometime Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge, 1902.

[10] Hegel's *Encyklopädie der philosophischen Wissenschaften im Grundrisse*. § 573. Werke, Bd. VII, 461.

[11] Wallace's Hegel's Philosophy of Mind translated. Oxford, 1894, p. 190. —The four Gazels from which Hegel quotes, are given in the following Series in the Rückert-Persian form—as XLVIII, XII, XLIII, II.

[12] As regards Hegel's Philosophy of Art generally, and the particular point under consideration, reference may be allowed to my little book: 'The Philosophy of Art, by Hegel and C. L. Michelet,' 1886. See especially pp. 94-6.

[13] Hegel's Werke, x, 473. For Hegel's view of the character of the Persian Lyrical Poetry, see note B. M. Bénard's French Translation, which has been much praised, gives the passage quoted above, only in a summary form, and in it the reference to Rückert is entirely left out. He too, like so many other translators, has the happy knack of slipping over a troublesome phrase at times, while gracefully flourishing an elegant sentence before the delighted eyes of his guileless Reader!

[14] *Ssufismus sive Theosophia Persarum Pantheistica quam ex MSS. Persicis, Arabicis, Turcicis, fruit atque illustravit* F. A. G. Tholuck. 1821.

[15] *Blüthensammlung aus der Morgenländischen Mystik, nebst einer Einleitung über Mystik überhaupt und Morgenländische insbesondere*. Von F. A. G. Tholuck, Professor zu Berlin. 1825.

[16] Werke, x. 468.

[17] *Specimen Poeseos Persicae*. Vienna, 1771.

[18] A specimen of Persian Poetry, or Odes of Hafez: with an English Translation and Paraphrase ... chiefly from Baron Revizky. By John Richardson, F.S.A., 1774. 2nd Ed. by Rousseau, 1802.

[19] *Grammatik, Poetik und Rhetorik der Perser*. Nach dem siebenten Bande des Heft Kolzum, Dargestellt von Friedrich Rückert. Neu herausgegeben von W. Pertsch, 1874, p. 57.

[20] A History of Ottoman Poetry, 1900, p. 80. See also Mr. Gibb's Ottoman Poems, 1882, p. xxxvi. Both contain excellent Gazels.

[21] Hafiz of Shiraz: Selections from his Poems by H. Bicknell. 1875.

[22] E. G. Browne, *Op. cit.* p. 399.

[23] If anyone is inclined to think anything in this criticism—which has been much curtailed—too severe, let him or her turn to Von Hammer's Account of Omar Khayyám in Note C and following Remarks.

Gazels of Jeláleddín

Done into English

'Why heed the Critics who delight to dart
Their sneer-tipped arrows at translator's art?
The poet's work remains his own at last
Though it in other languages be cast.
And in the sky of Fame it still will shine,
By that which made it at the first divine.
But in this foreign dress some soul may see
A hint of that which fascinated me;
Some deep impression be still deeper made
When by our muse-beloved tongue conveyed;
Some beauty be with newer beauty set;
Some thought that will with fresh emotion fret
Some gentle breast, or with strange music sweep
O'er heaving waters of the spirit's deep.'

EDWARD ROBESON TAYLOR
of San Francisco.

Light
I.

UNTIL the glorious Sun hath vanquished Night,
The Birds of Day cower trembling with affright.
But lo! a bright glance bids the Tulip ope;
O Heart, awake thou too, in Duty's might.
The Sun's Sword sheds in reddening flush of Dawn
The Blood of Night, and puts the Foe to flight.
The Soul still full of sleep, dreams Night prevails;
But no! Day comes, and triumphs full in sight.
While grey Dawn lingers, dubious yet is Day;
But in Day's glow, who still can doubt the Light.
The Light grows in the East; I in the West
On Mountain top, reflect the Morn's delight.
To Beauty's Sun, I'm but the pale moon here;
Then look from me towards the Sun's face bright.
The Light in East is called JELÁLEDDÍN^[24];
And here my verse reflects its glowing White.

^[24] The Splendour of the Faith.

Death and Life

II.

DEATH endeth sure Life's need and pain;
Yet Life in fear would Death restrain.
Life only sees dark Death's dread Hand,
Not that bright Cup it offered plain.
So shrinks from Love the tender Heart,
As if from threat of being slain.
But when true Love awakens, dies
The Self, that despot dark and vain.
Then let him die in Night's black hour,
And freely breathe in Dawn again.

Invocation

III.

Welcome to our website – the perfect destination for book lovers and knowledge seekers. We believe that every book holds a new world, offering opportunities for learning, discovery, and personal growth. That's why we are dedicated to bringing you a diverse collection of books, ranging from classic literature and specialized publications to self-development guides and children's books.

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